

Production No. 8F03

The Simpsons

"BART THE MURDERER"

Written by

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Created by  
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TABLE DRAFT

Date 3/19/91

NOTE: FOR TABLE READ ONLY

**"BART THE MURDERER"**

**Cast List**

HOMER.....DAN CASTELLANETA  
MARGE.....YEARDLEY SMITH  
BART.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT  
LISA.....YEARDLEY SMITH  
FAT TONY.....JOE MANTEGNA  
SKINNER.....HARRY SHEARER  
WIGGUM.....HANK AZARIA  
MILHOUSE.....PAMELA HAYDEN  
NELSON.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT  
RALPH.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT  
LEWIS.....JO ANN HARRIS  
MRS. KRABAPPEL.....PAMELA HAYDEN  
GROUNDSKEEPER WILLIE....DAN CASTELLANETA  
RICHARD.....JO ANN HARRIS  
JIMBO.....PAMELA HAYDEN  
REVEREND LOVEJOY.....HARRY SHEARER  
JANEY.....PAMELA HAYDEN  
APU.....HANK AZARIA  
BURNS' LAWYER.....DAN CASTELLANETA  
TROY MCCLURE.....DAN CASTELLANETA  
EXECUTIVE.....HARRY SHEARER

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SHERRI.....JO ANN HARRIS  
TERRI.....PAMELA HAYDEN  
LEGS.....HARRY SHEARER  
LOUIE.....DAN CASTELLANETA  
JOEY.....HANK AZARIA  
RACE ANNOUNCER (VO).....HARRY SHEARER  
REPORTER.....DAN CASTELLANETA  
DELIVERYMAN.....HANK AZARIA  
JACK LARSON.....HARRY SHEARER  
BROCKMAN.....HARRY SHEARER  
RIVAL GANG LEADER.....DAN CASTELLANETA  
SECRETARY.....JO ANN HARRIS  
PSYCHIC.....PAMELA HAYDEN  
SKINNER BODIES.....HARRY SHEARER  
GUARD.....HANK AZARIA  
HUTZ.....DAN CASTELLANETA  
VOICE FROM BACK.....DAN CASTELLANETA  
JUDGE.....HARRY SHEARER  
POLICEMAN.....DAN CASTELLANETA  
TV ANNOUNCER.....HARRY SHEARER  
SCOTT.....HANK AZARIA

BART THE MURDERER

By

John Swartzwelder

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. BART'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Bart is sleeping with a contented smile on his face. The ALARM goes off and he wakes up. He seems very cheerful.

BART

Good morning world!

He hops out of bed, stubbing his toe hard.

BART

Ow!

He exits, still cheerful, WHISTLING and limping slightly.

INT. SIMPSON DINING ROOM

Bart WHISTLES and limps into the dining room where Lisa is eating a bowl of Vitapillars and reading the back of the box, which says "Free stretch pants inside."

BART

Good morning Lisa! Don't you look  
nice today! And look how tall you're  
getting!

LISA

What are you so happy about?

Bart goes to the cupboard and looks through the available cereals as he speaks. He passes over the Kelp Chex and pulls out a box of Chocolate Frosted Frosty Krusty Flakes, which has Krusty on the box saying: "Only sugar has more sugar!"

BART

Why shouldn't I be happy? It's a  
beautiful day, my homework is done,  
I'm young, I've got my health, and  
I'm going on a field trip this  
afternoon.

Bart sits down at the table and pours himself some cereal.  
He looks at the front of the box and reads about the prize  
inside.

BART (CONT)

And...it looks like I've got a  
genuine police badge.

Bart digs his hand into the box and feels around, spilling  
flakes over the top. After a moment some of his joy of  
life fades.

BART (CONT)

Hey! It's not in here. You stole it!

LISA

(WITH SCORN) No one wants your stupid  
police badge.

Homer strolls in, adjusting his tie and police badge.

HOMER

Hey, look what I got. A genuine  
official police badge.

LISA

Neat!

BART

That's mine! (RECITING THE RULES)  
Lisa gets the prizes from the healthy  
cereals and I get the prizes from the  
cereals that kill.

HOMER

Sorry boy. Whoever has the badge  
makes the rules.

BART

But, Homer...

HOMER

That's Officer Homer. Heh heh heh.

Bart gets up from the table and heads up the stairs,  
limping and GRUMBLING.

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Bart is brushing his hair.

BART

(UNDER BREATH)...Lousy prize-  
grabbing... badge-wearing...

Bart picks up his toothbrush. The toothbrush slips out of  
his hand, bounces on the edge of the sink and falls into  
the toilet. Bart makes a grab for it when it is in the air,  
loses his balance and accidentally FLUSHES the toilet.

MARGE (V.O.)

Hurry up, Bart. The bus is coming!

BART

(TESTY. YELLING) Okay! Okay!

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BART'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Bart limps into his room and looks on his dresser. There's nothing there. He looks on the floor. Santa's Little Helper is chewing up Bart's homework. Bart **SCREAMS**.

BART

You ate my homework?

Santa's Little Helper wags his tail happily. He sure did!

BART (CONT)

My dog ate my homework?

Santa's Little Helper slows his tail wagging, and looks concerned.

BART (CONT)

I didn't know dogs really did that.

Santa's Little Helper **COUGHS** up a piece of Bart's homework. It reads: "9 x 9 = 100."

**EXT. BUS STOP - A FEW MINUTES LATER**

Bart races up to the bus stop just as the doors close. Lisa waves smugly to Bart as the bus pulls away. Bart sadly limps home.

**EXT. SIMPSON HOME - A FEW MINUTES LATER**

Bart arrives back home, picks up his skateboard and starts making his way to school. The sky clouds up immediately and it starts raining buckets.

**EXT. ROAD ON THE WAY TO SCHOOL**

Bart is thoroughly drenched. His notebook swells to three times its normal size. His shorts are wet and muddy. Several school buses roar past him, splashing him with water.

**EXT. SCHOOL GROUNDS - A HALF HOUR LATER**

Bart finally gets to school. The second he enters the school grounds the rain stops, the sky clears, and a spectacular rainbow appears.

BART

(ANNOYED GRUNT)

**INT. BART'S CLASSROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER**

Bart **SQUELCHES** into his class and starts to sit down in his seat.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

Bart Simpson! You're late! Go fill  
out a tardy slip.

BART

But I'm only...(LOOKS UP AT CLOCK)...  
...five...ten...twenty...forty  
minutes? That's pretty damn late.

Bart **SQUELCHES** back out into the hall as the other kids  
**GIGGLE**.

**EXT. SCHOOL GROUNDS - RECESS**

Bart is showing off on the monkey bars for the benefit of a  
bunch of girls.

BART

Hey girls! Look at me!

He does a "skin-the-cat" and his pants split wide open.  
The girls explode into **HIGH-PITCHED GIGGLES**. Bart's face  
reddens and he quickly gets down from the monkey bars.

BART

You can stop looking at me now.

The girls look at each other, then burst into even **HIGHER-  
PITCHED GIGGLES**. A kickball hits Bart in the eye. Bart  
walks away as fast as he can holding his pants together  
with one hand and his eye with the other.

**INT. LUNCHROOM - NOON**

In a secluded portion of the entrance to the lunchroom -  
unseen by lunchroom monitors - Nelson and his two goons are  
holding up kids for their lunch money. He lets the cool  
kids pass unmolested and stops the real nerdy kids by  
blocking the door with his arm.



NELSON

(LOOKING OVER EACH KID

BRIEFLY)...Okay, you're cool, you can  
go...Hi Richard, nice to see  
you...(SHARP) Hey! Wendell! Gimme  
your lunch money...(FRIENDLY) How ya  
doin?... (TO MARTIN)... Fork it over  
wuss (LAUGHS)... go on through,  
you're all right...

Bart arrives at the front of the line. His left eye is  
blackened. His nose is up in the air with a wad of toilet  
paper in the left nostril to stop the bleeding. His butt is  
hanging out of his pants. Water is leaking out of his  
shoes. Nelson looks Bart over briefly.

NELSON (CONT'D)

Gimme your lunch money.

BART

(OFFENDED) Hey, Nelson I thought we  
were friends.

NELSON

(SINCERELY APOLOGETIC) Sorry Bart. I  
never noticed what a geek you were.  
Gimme your lunch money.

Bart thinks about this, nods sadly, hands over the money,  
then turns and limps out of the lunchroom.

INT. BART'S CLASSROOM - AFTER LUNCH

Mrs. Krabappel finishes erasing long division problems from  
the blackboard, turns to the class and smiles.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

Well, it's nearly one o'clock. And  
you know what that means.

All the kids CHEER.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

That's right. It's time for our field  
trip to the chocolate factory. I  
trust you all remembered to bring  
your permission slips.

BART

(LONG SCREAM)

FLASH PAN:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BART'S BEDROOM

We see the permission slip sticking out from underneath his  
pillow.

FLASH PAN:

INT. BART'S CLASSROOM

Bart slumps his head.

EXT. SCHOOL GROUNDS BUS STOP

Kids from the second, third, and fourth grades are happily  
piling onto a fleet of buses, CHATTERING about how much  
chocolate they're going to eat.

LISA

I'm going to eat EIGHT pieces of  
chocolate.

RALPH

I'm gonna eat chocolate till I die.

MILHOUSE

Me too.

**INT. SKINNER'S OFFICE**

PULL BACK to Bart sadly watching the kids leaving from Principal Skinner's office window. Skinner walks up behind Bart.

SKINNER

(JOVIAL) Don't worry, Bart, we'll  
find something fun for you to do.

Skinner notices a huge box of envelopes.

SKINNER

Ah! Here we are! Here's a whole box  
of unsealed envelopes for the PTA.

BART

(DOUBTFULLY) You're making me lick  
envelopes?

SKINNER

Licking envelopes can be fun! Loads  
of fun. All you have to do is make a  
game of it.

BART

(DUBIOUS) What kind of game?

SKINNER

Well...for example...you could see  
how many you can lick in an hour,  
then try to break that record.

BART

Sounds like a pretty crappy game to  
me.

SKINNER

Yes....well....get started.

Bart takes an envelope out of the box and starts licking it.

**EXT. THE "AH FUDGE!" CHOCOLATE FACTORY IN SHELBYVILLE**

The kids happily pile off the buses and enter the chocolate factory. We see COCOA BEANIE, a smiling cocoa bean mascot with a beanie on his head.

MILHOUSE

Oh my god. It's Cocoa Beanie  
himself.

LISA

(TO JANEY) It's too bad, of course.  
I think this is something that Bart  
would really have enjoyed. (SIGHS)  
But it's the only way he'll learn.

JANEY

Older brothers are such children,  
aren't they?

LISA

Don't get me started.

**INT. CHOCOLATE FACTORY ORIENTATION ROOM**

The kids are being shown an orientation film. This film is hosted by washed-up actor TROY MCCLURE.

TROY MCCLURE

Welcome to the chocolate factory. I'm  
Troy McClure. You probably remember  
me from such films as "Senator  
Apache" and "The Revenge Of Abe  
Lincoln". The history of chocolate  
starts with the ancient Aztecs.

CLOSE UP OF FILM

An AZTEC, resembling the Cleveland Indians logo, is holding  
an Ah Fudge! chocolate bar.

TROY MCCLURE (VO) (CONT)

In those days, instead of being  
wrapped in a hygienic package,  
chocolate was wrapped in a tobacco  
leaf.

The chocolate bar turns into something closely resembling a  
cigar.

TROY MCCLURE (VO) (CONT)

And instead of being pure chocolate  
like we have today, it was mixed with  
shredded tobacco. And they didn't eat  
it. They smoked it.

The Aztec smokes the cigar and seems pleased.

INT. SKINNER'S OFFICE

Skinner, who is doing some paperwork, looks up and smiles  
amiably as Bart licks his 85th envelope.

SKINNER

You didn't believe me when I said it  
would be fun, did you?

BART

(TONGUE SWOLLEN) No sir.

Bart looks up at the clock. We see the second hand pause for a very long time, then advance one, with a **CLICK**, then pause for a very long time again, then start to advance, hesitate, and finally advance one more.

**INT. CHOCOLATE FACTORY - CHOCOLATE ROOM**

The kids are running uncontrollably around the main floor of the factory, pulling levers, having tug of wars with chocolate taffy, eating things they find on the floor, etc. For some reason, one of the smallest kids is now naked. The teachers are halfheartedly trying to keep the kids under control.

KIDS

(ECSTATIC) Yayyyyyyyyy!!!!!!

A number of kids, including Milhouse and Nelson are leaning over the railing of a huge vat of chocolate. Milhouse leans a little too far and his glasses fall in.

MILHOUSE

My glasses.

Several other kids lean over to see where the glasses went and all kinds of junk falls out of their pockets into the chocolate. A few kids dip their hands into the chocolate and lick their fingers. Suddenly a kid surfaces from the bottom of the vat.

EXECUTIVE

Please, kids, play sanitary.

The kids ignore him and begin jumping into the vats, swimming in it, gulping down huge mouthfuls and having chocolate fights. Milhouse and Nelson are floating on their backs in the middle of the vat. Nelson spouts chocolate out of his mouth.

MILHOUSE

Bart would have loved this.

NELSON

Man, you're living in the past.  
Bart's not here and there's nothing  
we can do about it. We've got to get  
on with our lives.

MILHOUSE

You're right.

Milhouse climbs up on the edge of the vat and does a  
**CANNONBALL** into the chocolate.

MILHOUSE (CONT)

Yahoo!

In another part of the factory Cocoa Beanie has fallen on  
his back and a kid is furiously kicking him.

**INT. SKINNER'S OFFICE**

Bart is licking his two thousandth envelope. He sees a  
small bowl of hard candy on Skinner's desk. He reaches for  
a piece and his hand is **SLAPPED** by Skinner.

**INT. CHOCOLATE FACTORY - ASSEMBLY LINE**

The kids are completely drenched with chocolate. Milhouse  
sees his chocolate-covered glasses come by on the assembly  
line. He picks them up, puts them on and sees kids sitting  
on the assembly line. We see them getting chocolate  
squirted down their throats, caramel dumped on their heads,  
and peanuts dumped down their backs.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

Children! You're not learning  
anything.

**INT. SKINNER'S OFFICE**

Bart finishes licking the last envelope. His tongue is  
swollen and useless. We HEAR the sound of **SANDPAPER AGAINST**  
**WOOD**. The clock says one minute to three.

BART

Tan Die Doe Dow?

SKINNER

What?

BART

Tan Die....

Bart picks up a piece of paper and writes out "Can I go now?"

BART (CONT)

(AS HE WRITES EACH WORD)

Tan...Die....Doe...Dow.

He hands the paper to Skinner. Skinner reads it, frowning. He looks up at the clock.

SKINNER

Well there's still a minute to go....

oh, why not! Go ahead, Bart. Enjoy  
yourself. But don't tell your teacher  
I let you go home early. Heh heh heh.

BART

Die don't.

Bart gets up and heads for the door. As he opens it, the BELL RINGS, signalling the end of school.

INT. LOCKER BAY

Bart is getting his wet coat, soggy notebook and slightly warped skateboard out of his locker as his classmates stream in excitedly clutching armloads of souvenir candy. They are all caked in dried chocolate. One small kid races past Bart's locker and drops a small piece of candy. Bart reaches for it, but the little kid races back and scoops it up just in time.

EXT. SCHOOL BUS STOP

All the kids race out of the school to the bus stop, putting on their coats and CHATTERING HAPPILY to each other.



JANEY

I ate two pounds of chocolate!

SHERI & TERRI

We ate six pounds!

Bart slowly and sadly **SQUISHES** out to the bus stop. As he reaches his bus the doors close and it speeds away. Bart chases after it.

BART

Dait! Dop! Dop Duh Duckig Dus!

The bus disappears around the bend. Resignedly, Bart gets on his skateboard and starts to head home. It immediately starts to rain buckets again.

**EXT. DOWNTOWN SPRINGFIELD STREET**

Bart is on his skateboard, not even trying to avoid being splashed by the school buses that are passing by. Suddenly his wheel comes off and he **CRASHES**.

**CLOSEUP - SKATEBOARD WHEEL**

We follow it as it bounces down some steps to the front door of a downstairs club called "The Legitimate Businessman's Club". It bounces off the door with a **SHARP KNOCKING SOUND**.

**NEW ANGLE**

Bart goes down the stairs to retrieve his wheel.

BART

Dut da dad day. Dis is duh durst day

dof dy...

As he stoops to pick up the wheel, the door opens and he is pulled inside.

**INT. BUSINESSMAN'S CLUB**

Two gangsters have grabbed Bart and are pointing .38s at his head.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. "THE LEGITIMATE BUSINESSMAN'S CLUB" - CONTINUOUS

The club is dimly lit and dangerous looking. There are a couple of card tables, a bar, a slot machine in the corner etc. The wall behind the bar has pictures of MAYOR QUIMBY, SINATRA, NIXON, HOFFA, and KRUSTY, all posing with gangsters. There is also a very old picture of a gangster posing with ROMMEL. Rommel looks nervous. One of the gangsters, FAT TONY gets up and walks over to the TWO MEN who are pointing guns at Bart.

FAT TONY

Hey, what's with the kid?

Bart squirms. His tongue is not so swollen now, so we can understand him. In fact, he sounds a little like the gangsters.

BART

Hands off the material!

LEGS

Whaddaya know! The kid's tough. He's got spunk.

LOUIE

And he talks like us.

Fat Tony looks at Bart thoughtfully, then holds out a copy of the Daily Racing News, Springfield Edition. Bart is still struggling to get loose.

FAT TONY

I wonder if he is lucky also. Pick a horse, kid. Shelbyville Downs. Third race. Make it a good one.

BART

Eat my shorts.

FAT TONY

Eat my shorts. Let's see... (LOOKS  
AT RACING FORM, THEN, ANGRY:)

Heyy... Wait a minute. Eat My Shorts  
is in the fifth race. I said the  
third race!

BART

Don't have a cow.

Fat Tony looks at Bart's choice, then yells to JOEY, who is  
chain-smoking next to an old dirty wall phone.

FAT TONY

(YELLING) "Don't have a cow" in the  
third. Put a deuce on him.

Joey nods and SAYS SOMETHING into the phone.

FAT TONY (CONT'D)

(TO BART) While we are waiting to see  
how lucky you are, let me show you  
around. This is our bar, and over  
there is our slot machine and card  
tables....

BART

Cool!

JOEY

(CALLING) Hey Boss! Here's the call  
for the third race.

Joey turns up an old radio at the bar.

RACE ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

...As they come out of the turn it's  
"Sufferin Succotash" by a neck over  
"Yabbadabbadoo." Two lengths back to  
"Ain't I a Stinker" and "That's All  
Folks." "I Yam What I Yam" can see  
them all. But here comes  
"Donhavacow" flyin' on the outside.  
And at the wire it's all  
"Donhavacow!"

FAT TONY

Hmm. We might be able to use a lucky  
kid like you around here. Can you  
mix drinks?

BART

I don't know.

LEGS

(CALLING) I'll have a manhattan.

FAT TONY

Make Legs a manhattan.

BART

I'm not sure I...

They all pull their guns on Bart. He sees a stained,  
partially torn, cocktail chart on the wall behind the bar.  
Bart nervously looks at the directions for making a  
manhattan and quickly mixes one. Legs tastes it.

FAT TONY

(TO LEGS) Well?

LEGS

Supoib.

Fat Tony tousles Bart's hair. Bart beams.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Bart has just arrived home and is hanging up his lucky cap.

MARGE

You got a job? Doing what?

BART

Oh...I dunno...mixing drinks, picking horses, cutting cigars...you know - a job.

MARGE

(CONCERNED) Well...I'm not sure...

HOMER

(CONCERNED) How much does it pay?

BART

(PROUDLY) Twenty bucks a week.

HOMER

Pfft. I make more than that.

MONTAGE

We hear a Frank Sinatra type CROONING, "My Kind of Town (Springfield Is)".

1) INT. CLUB

Bart serves drinks as the gangsters play cards. When a gangster takes a drink, he stuffs some money in Bart's shirt. Bart looks at one gangster's hand. He has four aces and a king. Bart looks at another gangster's hand: he has five aces. Bart looks at Fat Tony's hand: he has six aces including the ace of stars and the ace of anchors. On the table is a pile of discarded aces.

## 2) INT. CLUB

The gangsters are reading the racing form. Through the frosted glass window on the door we see the silhouette of Bart's head. Bart **KNOCKS** five times in a special rhythm. The gangsters pull their guns. Bart **KNOCKS** once more -- they relax and put their guns away as Bart walks in with a bag of groceries.

## 3) INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LAUNDRY ROOM

Marge is doing the laundry. She empties Bart's pockets and finds several hundred dollar bills.

BART

I was lookin' for those. Thanks,  
doll.

## 4) INT. THE CLUB

The **SINATRA SONG** has **ENDED**. Bart and the gangsters are watching the TV over the bar. It is an Itchy & Scratchy cartoon.

ON TV

**TITLE CARD: "THE SOUNDS OF SILENCERS"**

ITCHY, dressed like a policeman, has lined up **SEVEN TOUGH-LOOKING CATS** against a brick garage wall. Itchy pulls out a Thompson submachine gun and **PUMPS HUNDREDS OF BULLETS** into the cats. The bloody cats crawl around like half-dead soldiers at Chickamauga. Itchy turns and winks at the camera as one of the cats starts **COUGHING** up blood. Iris in. The end.

**BACK TO BART AND THE GANGSTERS**

They are **LAUGHING**.

FAT TONY

It's funny because it's true.

LEGS

(WIPING HIS EYES) Well obsoived.

5) INT. CLUB - DAY

Gangsters are playing cards. Bart is pouring champagne into a tower of glasses, a la Raging Bull. POLICE CHIEF WIGGUM BURSTS through the door.

FAT TONY

Chief Wiggum, you honor us with your presence.

WIGGUM

Baloney. I'm not going to rest until one of us is behind bars -- You!

(BEAT) You wouldn't happen to know anything about a cigarette truck that got hijacked on route 401?

FAT TONY

What's a truck?

WIGGUM

Don't play dumb with me!

FAT TONY

Relax Chief, you seem tense. You know, the boy here makes an excellent manhattan.

Fat Tony motions to Bart to make the drink. The chief takes the drink.

WIGGUM

I'm still going to put you away, you know.

FAT TONY

Good for you.

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - HALLWAY/BART'S ROOM**

Homer walks down the hall and opens the door of Bart's room. It is packed, floor to ceiling, wall to wall with cartons of Laramie cigarettes.

HOMER

Bart, it's time for...(GASPS)...

Bart! Have you started smoking?

BART

No.

HOMER

Don't lie to me boy. There's a thousand cartons of cigarettes in here.

BART

Twelve thousand. But they're not mine. My boss asked if he could store 'em here for awhile.

HOMER

Yeah, right. Son...I'm going to teach you a lesson. Put one of those cigarettes in your mouth.

BART

But Dad, I don't smoke.

HOMER

Don't give me that. I'm going to stand here and watch you smoke every one of those cigarettes. Then maybe you'll learn...



A DELIVERY MAN appears in the door. He wears a jacket that says, "Mom's Storage Company."

DELIVERYMAN

Fat Tony sent me over to pick up the shipment.

BART

Right in here.

The deliveryman pushes a dolly into the room and begins loading the cigarettes. Homer blushes.

HOMER

(EMBARRASSED) Son, I'll never doubt you again.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Bart, Lisa and Homer are watching the news on television, without much interest. Lisa is mostly doing her homework. Bart is buffing his nails and looking at his new pinky ring. Homer is drinking a beer and staring at the set with dead eyes.

BROCKMAN (V.O.)

The contents of the hijacked truck:  
twelve thousand cartons of Laramie  
100's.

Camera MOVES IN on Homer's face. He continues to stare blankly.

ON TV

We see Police Chief Wiggum having a press conference.

WIGGUM

(TRYING TO CALM EVERYONE) We  
have...uh... a number of leads. And  
let me assure all you smokers out  
there...there is no shortage of  
cigarettes.

REPORTER (V.O.)

(SHOUTING FROM THE BACK) How do we  
know that?

WIGGUM

I think the best person to answer  
that question is this man - Jack  
Larson, the president of Laramie  
Tobacco Products. Jack?

A SMOOTH CHARACTER smiles up to the microphone.

JACK LARSON

Thank you, Chief Wiggum. I'm pleased  
to announce that a new truckload of  
Laramies with their smooth good taste  
and rich flavor is already heading  
towards Springfield. And the driver  
has been instructed to ignore all  
stop signs and crosswalks.

There is a CHEER from the reporters.

BROCKMAN

The police suspect the involvement of  
reputed mobster William "Fat Tony"  
Williams.

ON BART AND LISA

They put down the things they were reading and stare at the  
television.

ON HOMER

He's still staring blankly. He SIPs his beer.

BACK TO BART AND LISA

They are watching the television, mouths open. They look at  
each other then back at the television.

WIGGUM (V.O.)

Fat Tony is a cancer on this fair  
city. He's the cancer and I'm the...  
uh...(ASIDE)... what cures cancer?

BROCKMAN (V.O.)

But Williams denies all involvement.

ON TV - INT. BARBERSHOP

Fat Tony is getting a shave from a BARBER with a straight  
razor.

FAT TONY

I'm a legitimate businessman. But  
hey, don't take my word for it. I've  
been arrested 74 times and haven't  
been convicted once.

BACK TO SCENE

Bart and Lisa look at each other, amazed.

LISA

Bart, is your boss a crook?

BART

I don't think so. Although it would  
explain an awful lot.

INT. CLUB - NEXT DAY

Bart is watching as the deliveryman brings the cartons of  
Laramies into the club. Fat Tony approaches, carrying a  
gift.

FAT TONY

Me and the boys wish to thank you for  
hanging onto this stuff for us.

Fat Tony hands Bart the box. Bart looks at it briefly, but  
doesn't open it.

BART

Thanks...uh...(TRYING TO FIGURE OUT  
HOW TO SAY IT) Say, are you guys  
crooks?

LEGS

Define your terms.

FAT TONY

Is a criminal someone who provides  
low cost cigarettes to the needy?

BART

No, but...

FAT TONY

Bart, have you ever heard of a guy  
named Robin Hood? He's dead now,  
but...

BART

Sure.

FAT TONY

(GENTLY) Some people called him a  
crook too. (PAUSE) Do you understand,  
Bart?

BART

(A LITTLE CONFUSED) I...I guess so.

Tony musses Bart's hair affectionately.

FAT TONY

Enjoy your gift.

Bart opens the box and pulls out a very gangster-like  
sharkskin suit.

BART

(HUSHED) It's suppoib.

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - EVENING**

Bart comes home from work wearing his new gangster suit. He  
fastidiously picks a microscopic bit of lint off it as he  
strolls into the kitchen **SINGING** "Witchcraft" softly to  
himself.

BART

(SINGING) Those fingers through my  
hair / That sly come hither stare /  
That strips my conscience bare / It's  
witchcraft - (TO MARGE) Gimme three  
fingers of milk, mom.

Marge looks at him strangely.

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM**

Homer and Marge are in bed.

MARGE

I know it's good for a boy to have a part time job, but I'm not sure about the people Bart's working for. Lisa thinks they're criminals.

HOMER

A job's a job. I mean, take me. If my plant pollutes the water and poisons the town, by your logic that would make me a criminal.

MARGE

Homer, I want you to go down to that club and talk to them. Just see what kind of people they are. Please, Homie?

HOMER

Oh, all right. But, if I drive all the way down there and find out they're not gangsters, I'm gonna be mad.

**INT. CLUB - THAT NIGHT**

Bart is watching as the gangsters play cards with Homer. Homer has a huge stack of chips in front of him. He looks around the table happily.

HOMER

Read 'em and weep boys, another pair of sixes.

Homer throws them on the table.

**ANGLE BEHIND GANGSTERS**

We see they all have hands full of aces.

FAT TONY

Beats me.

JOEY

I was bluffin'.

LEGS

You win again, Homer.

HOMER

Heh, heh.

Homer gleefully rakes in the poker chips.

FAT TONY

I am glad you've decided to let your  
boy continue to work here.

HOMER

Huh? Oh! Oh yeah. Well, so long  
suckers.

Homer starts to exit.

BART

Uh Dad, wouldn't you rather have the  
cash?

Homer pulls a handful of poker chips from his pocket.

HOMER

Right.

**EXT. SPRINGFIELD ELEMENTARY - PLAYGROUND**

Bart, in his gangster suit, is supervising Lewis, Milhouse  
and Richard, who are doing a painting of Skinner on the  
wall.

BART

More "stink lines" boys.

Suddenly Skinner strides up.

SKINNER

What's this? What are you boys doing?

The kids cower behind Bart. Bart **YAWNS**, reaches into his pocket, pulls out a five dollar bill and stuffs it in Skinner's pocket.

BART

You didn't see anything. Now beat it.

**INT. SPRINGFIELD ELEMENTARY - BART'S CLASSROOM**

Bart is writing "I Will Not Bribe Principal Skinner" on the blackboard as Skinner watches.

**INT. CLUB - LATER THAT EVENING**

A number of UNFAMILIAR, CRUEL-LOOKING FACES are in the club along with the regulars. They are seated at a conference table. SLOW PAN across the faces. One guy is dully flicking a lighter on and off. One guy is rapidly sticking a knife between each of his fingers into the table. Another guy is playing jacks. We hear a clock TICKING. Fat Tony looks at his watch nervously.

RIVAL GANG LEADER

So, Fat Tony. You invite me and my associates to your club with the promise of the finest manhattans in all of Springfield. Now you say your bartender isn't here?

FAT TONY

I don't know what happened. He's never late. Louie! Make up some manhattans.



LOUIE

I only know how to make Mint Juleps,  
boss.

FAT TONY

Now!

Louie quickly mixes a manhattan and gives it to Fat Tony  
who gives it to the gang leader. He drinks it and **SMACKS**  
his lips thoughtfully.

RIVAL GANG LEADER

What have I done to deserve this  
flat, flavorless manhattan?

Fat Tony's gang watches in horror as the Rival Gang Leader  
gives Fat Tony the kiss of death.

RIVAL GANG LEADER (CONT'D)

Come on, boys.

They exit.

FAT TONY

The kiss of death. That's all I  
need!

Bart comes in the door and **SLAMS** it. He stalks to the bar  
and angrily starts to put on his apron.

BART

(MUTTERING ANGRILY) Lousy Skinner.

Fat Tony walks up to the bar.

FAT TONY

(DANGEROUSLY) You are late for work.

BART

(ANGRILY) Of course I'm late for work. How can I be on time when Principal Skinner keeps me after school?

Fat Tony's aspect changes.

FAT TONY

This guy Skinner causing you trouble?

BART

(BITTER) He sure is, Patrone.

FAT TONY

So where might several gentlemen go to meet and greet this individual?

BART

You know where Springfield Elementary is?

FAT TONY

No.

BART

Near the public library?

FAT TONY

No.

BART

First Church of Springfield?

FAT TONY

No.

BART

It's across the street from Mr. Lucky  
Bail Bonds.

FAT TONY

Say no more.

Bart pours himself a glass of milk. Fat Tony walks over to Legs, Louie and Joey and **WHISPERS** to them. They nod, check to make sure their guns are loaded and exit. Bart doesn't seem to notice this.

BART (CONT)

Lousy Skinner.

**INT. SKINNER'S OFFICE - LATER**

Skinner is working at his desk. His **SECRETARY** pokes her head in the door.

SECRETARY

Some large men to see you, sir.

SKINNER

(WITHOUT LOOKING UP) Send them in.

The three gangsters enter.

SKINNER (CONT'D)

Well! What extended family are you  
from?

FAT TONY

We are friends of Bart Simpson. You  
Skinner?

SKINNER

(STIFFENING) I'm **PRINCIPAL** Skinner,  
yes.

All of the gangsters converge on him menacingly.

**INT. ELEMENTARY - BART'S CLASSROOM - THE NEXT MORNING.**

The KIDS are morosely doing math problems at their desks. Bart is drawing Principal Skinner hanging from a noose with knives stuck in him. His eyes are "X'd". Suddenly there is a p.a. announcement.

SECRETARY

Attention! Everyone! (DRAMATIC PAUSE)

Principal Skinner, will not be making  
the morning announcements today  
because he's... (BREAKING DOWN) ...

MISSING!

The kids look baffled. Mrs. Krabappel **GASPS**.

**ON BART**

A disquieting thought enters his mind.

BART

Uh-oh.

He quickly starts to erase his drawing.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

**FADE IN:**

**CU OF SPINNING NEWSPAPER**

It stops. The headline reads "Principal Still Missing"  
"Police Search For Body".

**EXT. LAKE SPRINGFIELD**

A police boat is dragging Lake Springfield for Skinner's body. They pull up a skin diver's body, but it isn't dead and is struggling too much so they throw it back.

**EXT. SPRINGFIELD FOREST**

A group of deputies and special deputies, including Jacques, Flanders and Krusty are led by **YELPING** bloodhounds through the woods.

GROUNDSCKEEPER WILLIE, leaning on a shovel, is being interviewed by a TV REPORTER.

WILLIE

I thought I found him but it was only  
a cat.

**EXT. DOWNTOWN SPRINGFIELD**

Police are tacking up posters that show Skinner's smiling face and the words "Have You Seen My Body Today?"

**INT. POLICE STATION**

REPORTERS are asking Wiggum questions.

WIGGUM

Ladies and Gentlemen, let me assure  
you we will be employing the most  
modern, scientific techniques in the  
field of body finding.

**CU OF SPINNING NEWSPAPER**

It stops. The headline says "Psychic Joins Skinner Hunt"

**INT. POLICE STATION**

A female psychic is running her hands over a picture of Skinner.

PSYCHIC

I see wedding bells for Dr. Joyce  
Brothers and Teddy Kennedy....

WIGGUM

Please, Princess Opal, if we could  
just stick to Principal Skinner.

PSYCHIC

Chief Wiggum, I am merely a conduit  
for the spirits. (BEAT) Willie Nelson  
will astound his fans by swimming the  
English Channel.

WIGGUM

Really? Willie Nelson?

**INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR**

Groundskeeper Willy is **NAILING** a plaque next to a glass  
encased fire hose. It reads: "Seymour Skinner Memorial  
Firehose".

MRS. KRABAPPEL

He loved fire drills. (SHE SOBS)

WILLY

Get a hold of yourself, Lass, for the  
wee bairns.

**EXT. SCHOOLYARD - LATER**

The usual high spirits of the schoolyard are absent. The  
kids are somber and **SPEAK** in **LOW TONES**. However, Lewis is  
laying on the ground corpselike, with his head covered with  
leaves so it looks like he's headless.

LEWIS

Hey look at me! I'm Skinner's body!

BART

That's not funny, Lewis.

MILHOUSE

I heard Skinner's buried under his parking spot.

RICHARD

I heard he was ground up into hamburger and served to us in the lunchroom yesterday.

LEWIS

Will you guys LOOK at me?

NELSON

Hey, did you hear the latest rumor? Smart money says Bart did it.

BART

Me?!?

NELSON

Yeah. The rumor is you had him killed by gangsters because he made you stay after school.

BART

(PROTESTING TOO MUCH) That's not true! It's just a rumor! You're engaged in speculation. I know the law. You can't prove anything.

NELSON

(BACKING OFF) Okay...okay....

JIMBO walks past with DOLPH and KEARNY

JIMBO

(TO BART) Hey, I heard you wasted the  
principal. Lots of people talk about  
it, but you did it.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BART'S BEDROOM - THAT NIGHT

Bart is tossing, turning and groaning in his sleep,  
obviously having a nightmare.

BART'S NIGHTMARE

Bart is running through a vacant trash-strewn lot. Skinner  
bodies are coming out of the dirt after him.

SKINNER BODY

You killed me Bart.

He runs past a pond. At the bottom of the pond is a Skinner  
body wearing cement overshoes.

SKINNER BODY

(GURGLING) You killed me, Bart!

Bart runs to a shed, opens the door and he's in a meat  
locker. A Skinner body is hanging from a meat hook.

SKINNER BODY

(TEETH CHATTERING) You k-killed me,

B-Bart!

He runs from the shed into Springfield stadium. As he's  
running up the steps arms and legs embedded in the cement  
try to grab and trip him. All the while he HEARS voices.

SKINNER BODIES

(UNISON) You killed us, Bart. You  
killed us.



Bart runs from the stadium into a huge building and **SLAMS** the door.

On the door is a flashing neon sign labeled "DEATHHOUSE".

**INT. DEATHHOUSE**

Bart is in a grimy cell with blackboard walls. He is writing "I will not kill the principal" over and over. REVEREND LOVEJOY opens the cell door and sits down on Bart's bunk.

BART

Reverend Lovejoy! You've...you've  
come to comfort me?

REVEREND LOVEJOY

Yes, Bart. (UNCOMFORTABLE PAUSE)...  
There there... there there...

BART

(MISERABLY) Thank you, Reverend.

**INT. DEATH CHAMBER**

Bart sits down in the electric chair, but the GUARDS see he is too short for the apparatus to be hooked up properly. He gets up and they put two phone books on the seat. Bart sits back down and they hook him up. He squirms. His stomach **GROWLS**.

BART (CONT'D)

Don't I get a last meal?

GUARD

After what you've done?

They finish hooking Bart up. The EXECUTIONER leans towards Bart and lifts his hood revealing that he is Principal Skinner.

SKINNER

Now I'm killing you. Ironical, isn't  
it? (LAUGHS EVILLY)

He pulls the switch.

**EXT. PRISON - CONTINUOUS - DAWN**

PEOPLE outside the prison are holding signs that read: "Fry Bart Fry", and "Let's Have A Bart-B-Que". Homer holds a sign that reads: "Kill My Boy". The lights dim momentarily in the prison, then come back on. The crowd **CHEERS**, get in their cars and drive home.

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BART'S BEDROOM - NEXT MORNING**

Bart wakes up with a **SCREAM**. It's morning. He gets out of bed and dresses hurriedly.

**EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Bart races out of the house, putting on his coat as he runs.

**EXT. LEGITIMATE BUSINESSMAN'S CLUB - A LITTLE LATER**

Bart runs up to the door.

**INT. LEGITIMATE BUSINESSMAN'S CLUB - CONTINUOUS**

Fat Tony and the boys are sitting at a card table, **SIPPING** espresso. Bart opens the door and hurriedly crosses to them. Fat Tony looks at his watch.

FAT TONY

You're eight hours early for work. I  
like that.

BART

(BLURTING IT OUT) Did you kill my  
principal?

FAT TONY

(THINKING) Chinese guy with a  
mustache?

BART

(ALMOST SHOUTING) No! My principal!

LEGS

That Skinner guy? Naw, we didn't  
kill him.

Suddenly the door **BURSTS** open and the police rush in, led  
by Police Chief Wiggum. All have their guns drawn.

WIGGUM

Nobody move! You're all under arrest  
for the murder of Seymour Skinner.

FAT TONY

What's a murder?

WIGGUM

Don't play dumb with me. Cuff 'em,  
boys.

The gangsters and Bart are cuffed and led away.

**INT. SPRINGFIELD COUNTY JAIL - CELLBLOCK H**

Bart is in a cell that's fairly similar to the one in his  
dream. His cellmate, Sideshow Bob, stares at him  
resentfully. Marge, Homer, a guard, and Lionel Hutz show  
up at the cell door.

MARGE

(VERY DISAPPOINTED) Oh, Bart.

HOMER

(GRIMLY) Wait till I get you home,  
boy.

Bart looks at the smiling Hutz.

BART

What's he doing here?

HUTZ

I'll be defending you, Bart. Now,  
tell me this: Can you act really  
insane? The reason I ask...

**CU OF NEWSPAPER**

The headline says "Murder Trial Starts Today". There are pictures of Skinner, Bart, and the other gangsters. The caption under Bart's picture says "Local Boy To Be Tried As An Adult!".

**INT. COURTROOM**

Fat Tony is on the stand. Burns' Lawyer, who is now Fat Tony's lawyer, is examining him.

FAT TONY

I didn't order this Skinner guy  
killed.

BURNS' LAWYER

But aren't you the head of this gang?

FAT TONY

No, I just stop by the club  
occasionally to have a drink and read  
the complimentary newspaper.

BURNS' LAWYER

Then who is the Kingpin...the Capo de  
tuti Capi?

FAT TONY

That's the guy.

Fat Tony points to Bart.

BART

Hey!

FAT TONY

Forgive me, Don Bartholomew.

Montage of gangsters on the stand.

A) LOUIE

LOUIE

We just wanted to talk to Skinner,  
but Bart went crazy. He gets that  
way.

B) LEGS

Louie is on the stand. Next to him is an organizational  
chart of the Mob family. Pictures of each member on all  
levels.

LEGS (V.O.)

Prostitution, loan sharking, numbers.  
The kid liked to wet his beak in  
everything.

We PAN up the chart as he speaks to reveal a picture of  
Bart at the top.

C) HOMER

HUTZ

(TRYING TO HELP BART) Mr. Simpson,  
you've been the boy's father for ten  
years. Do you really think he could  
be the leader of a murderous criminal  
syndicate?

HOMER

Well, not yet...I mean...(CRACKING)  
Oh, it's true, it's true! All the  
pieces fit. (SOBBING)

HUTZ

I move that my own witness's  
testimony be stricken from the  
record.

JUDGE

Denied.

**CU OF NEWSPAPER**

The huge headline says "Sentencing Today For Mini-Mobster".  
Below is a political cartoon showing an evil Bart head with  
octopus tentacles strangling Springfield.

**INT. COURTROOM**

Bart is standing before the Judge, hangdog.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

In light of the damning testimony  
from your fellow gangsters, your  
father, your teachers and a seemingly  
endless parade of emotionally  
shattered baby-sitters, I have no  
choice but to...

The door of the courtroom opens with a **BANG**.

SKINNER (VO)

Stop!

All heads turn. Skinner, on crutches and with a week old  
beard, enters the courtroom.

MARGE

Principal Skinner!

HOMER

(BAFFLED) I thought he was dead.

VOICE FROM BACK (OS)

A g-g-g-ghost!

Skinner makes his way to the front of the courtroom, turns and addresses everyone in the room.

SKINNER

I suppose you're all wondering where I've been. The answer is, I've been lying half dead in...but perhaps I should begin at the beginning. A week ago I was at my desk, revising and updating the school dress codes, when...

RIPPLE DISSOLVE  
TO:

INT. SKINNER'S OFFICE

We see the scene from the end of Act Two. The gangsters converge on Skinner.

SKINNER (VO) (CONT'D)

I was suddenly confronted by a gang of toughs acting on behalf of one Bart Simpson. Or so they said.

The gangsters shake Skinner's hand.

LOUIE

We really think there's promise in the boy.

SKINNER

(THUNDEROUSLY) Get out!

The gangsters give him a hard look, then turn and exit.

**EXT. SKINNER'S DRIVEWAY - LATER THAT NIGHT**

Skinner's car pulls into the driveway. He gets out, opens the garage door, goes inside and turns on the light.

SKINNER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I've had hoodlums try to strong arm me before to give a student a good grade. I've had my car bombed. I've been run off the road. I was even shot in the thigh once. But it takes more than that to intimidate a grammar school principal.

**INT. SKINNER'S GARAGE**

We see a huge stack of old newspapers. One headline reads: "Dukakis Bandwagon Rolls On". Skinner begins moving some off the top to make two stacks.

SKINNER (VO) (CONT'D)

To get my mind off what had just happened I began rearranging my piles of old newspapers so they could be picked up. But suddenly the pile fell. I was trapped.

The pile **TOPPLES** over on Skinner, pinning him to the garage floor with only his head, chest, and one arm free.

SKINNER (VO) (CONT'D)

Let this be a lesson to recycle frequently.

**SAME SCENE - DAYS LATER**

Skinner is mechanically **DRIBBLING** a basketball with his free hand. Empty preserve jars are scattered around him.



SKINNER (VO) (CONT'D)

For the next week I stayed alive by eating my mother's delicious preserves, which I can never get enough of anyway, and preserved my sanity by dribbling a nearby basketball with my one free hand. I made a game of it, seeing how many times I could bounce the ball in a day, then trying to break that record. Occasionally the police arrived to search my home.

WIGGUM (OS)

(SLIGHTLY MUFFLED) Find anything this time, boys?

POLICEMAN (OS)

Nothing chief.

SKINNER (VO)

I shouted until I was hoarse, but they couldn't hear me.

SKINNER (CONT'D)

(SHOUTING) I'M IN HERE!!!

WIGGUM (OS)

Well, let's go.

POLICEMAN (OS)

Okay, Chief.

We HEAR the policemen's **FOOTSTEPS** as they walk out of the house and **SLAM** the door. Skinner slumps dejectedly, then resumes **DRIBBLING**.

**SAME SCENE - THE NEXT DAY**

Skinner is **DRIBBLING** the basketball slower. He looks haggard.

SKINNER (VO)

Finally I realized if I was ever  
going to get out of there, I would  
have to do it myself.

We SEE Skinner tip over a garbage can. He picks out a cigar tube, baking soda and some old lemon wedges.

SKINNER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I formed a crude rocket from a  
discarded cigar tube. Using every  
trick in the forth-grade science  
book, I concocted a fuel from baking  
soda and lemon juice.

We SEE Skinner tie the cord from a vacuum cleaner to the rocket.

SKINNER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The rocket took off dragging behind  
it the end of a vacuum cord.

We SEE the rocket **LAUNCH** and orbit a rafter, wrapping the vacuum cleaner cord around it.

SKINNER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I grabbed on to the vacuum cleaner,  
pushed the cord retractor button and  
was on my way to freedom.

Skinner clutches the vacuum cleaner to his chest and pushes the retractor button. The cord retracts pulling him (and the vacuum) free of the newspapers and up to the rafters.

SKINNER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I had enjoyed pushing the retractor  
button before, but never this much.

**INT. COURTROOM**

SKINNER (CONT'D)

And that's my courageous story.

The crowd MURMURS in awe.

HUTZ

Mr. Simpson, no one's gonna take away  
your little boy.

HOMER

(ANNOYED GRUNT)

**EXT. COURTHOUSE STEPS**

Everyone is streaming out of the courtroom, including the gangsters. Police Chief Wiggum looks embarrassed.

WIGGUM

I'd like to make a public apology to  
Fat Tony and the boys. I don't know,  
maybe they ARE legitimate  
businessmen. Anyway, I'm sorry, and  
if you guys ever need anything, don't  
hesitate to come to me.

FAT TONY

Thanks. Hey Bart! I hope there are  
no hard feelings.

BART

Get bent.

FAT TONY

(HANGING HIS HEAD) I deserved that.  
Look, I know we let you down, but me  
and the boys, we still think you've  
got moxie. We think you've got a big  
future in racketeering, extortion and  
pornography.

BART

Sorry Fat Tony. I can't believe  
anything you say anymore. I learned  
that crime doesn't pay.

FAT TONY

(SHRUGS) Yeah, you're right.

Fat Tony turns and gets into a huge limo next to a  
beautiful woman in a flashy dress drinking champagne. We  
SEE the other gangsters get into huge limos of their own.

INT. SIMPSON LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

As the family watches TV, we SEE a promo for a mini-series  
on TV.

ANNOUNCER (VO)

Guns, Blood, and Murder: The Bart  
Simpson Story. Starring William  
DeVane as Fat Tony, Richard  
Chamberlain as Principal Skinner,  
Jane Seymour as the woman he loved,  
and Scott Baio as Bart Simpson.

Scott Baio as Bart, is pointing a huge gun in Skinner's face.

SCOTT (AS BART) (VO)

Where do you want it, Skinner?

A huge glob of spit lands on "Bart's" face.

SCOTT (AS BART) (VO) (CONT'D)

Not smart.

Scott FIRES the gun repeatedly.

BART

Cool!

HOMER

(TO MARGE) When do we get the check for this?

MARGE

Well, they said they changed it just enough so they don't have to pay us.

HOMER

(MOANS) You know who the real crooks are? Those sleazy Hollywood Producers.

**SUPER:**

**EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS:**

James L. Brooks

Matt Groening

Sam Simon

FADE OUT.

END OF STORY